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SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS,
CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE
DRAMATIC
PIRATES.
AN OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING AT

THE KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR E. COX, QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-
INN-FIELDS, 1792.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Don Altador,	<i>Mr. Kelly.</i>
Don Gasparo,	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
Don Guillermo,	<i>Mr. Sedgwick.</i>
Blazio,	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>
Genariello,	<i>Mr. Dignum.</i>
Sotillo,	<i>Mr. Wewitzer.</i>
Captain of the Guard,	<i>Mr. Cook.</i>
Cosmino,	<i>Mr. Phillimore.</i>
Captain of the Ship,	<i>Mr. Benson.</i>

Donna Aurora,	<i>Mrs. Crouch.</i>
Fidelia,	<i>Mrs. Bland.</i>
Fabulina,	<i>Signora Storace.</i>
Marietta,	<i>Miss Du Camp.</i>

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE. The Bay of Naples.—The View taken from a Quay near the City of Naples.—Mount Vesuvius and the Town of Portici in the Distance.

CHORUS of *Sailors and Lazzaroni.*

THANKS to the brisk and fav'ring gale,
That hither turn'd our swelling sail;
Now to the friendly port we fought
Our labouring ship is safely brought.

Altador.

Oh! cou'd I tread Spain's happy shore,
Which boasts the fair one I adore!
Yet, ah! that coast, so much desiring,
Love, from watchful eyes retiring,

B

Must

Must from Prudence borrow aid,
And cautious seek the charming maid.
What ho ! What ho !

Genariello.

Come, my lads, get on—be steady—
Is the macaroni ready ?
Where's the omelet ? Don't stand staring—
Zounds ! these rogues are past all bearing—
For your Lordship we're preparing.
What wou'd your Lordship chuse to eat ?
Fish, fowl, or any kind of meat ?
Of earth or sea the dainties sharing,
We can form our treat.

Altador.

E'en what you will.

Genariello.

First, I should think,
It wou'd not be amiss to drink.

CHORUS of *Sailors and Lazzaroni.*

Ay, good Signor, so we all think,
Bless your Honor, let us all drink.
Huzza ! for the generous heart,
That freely its treasures bestows,
And saves from keen Poverty's smart,
The breast which with Gratitude glows.

AIR.

AIR. *Genariello.*

OF a vile lack of honesty Grumblers complain,
 And that no social Virtues we boast;
 Still the best of these Virtues (the charge I disdain)
 Will be found all combin'd in your host.
 His heart like his bottle is open to all;
 Both friendship and wine come at, "Sir, do ye call."

II.

If his guests love good living, the better lives he,
 On Society thus he depends,
 'Tis his interest to forward good humour and glee,
 All the world he desires for his friends.
 His heart like his bottle is open to all;
 Both friendship and wine come at, "Sir, do ye call."

AIR. *Altador.*

SOME device my aim to cover,
 Deign kind Fortune to suggest.
 Shall I boldly own I love her?
 No!—My first design is surely best.

Yet I a wily foe engage;
 Caution is the shield of age.
 Hence, vain fears, my heart disgracing!
 Love, on thee assurance placing,

From thy glorious cause ne'er swerving,
 Thou shalt every doubt repress.
 Fortune's smiles the bold deserving,
 Confidence ensures success.

SCENE. Genariello's Hotel.

DUET. *Fabulina and Altador.*

Fabulina. Signor! Signor!

Altador. What sounds are these,
 That sweetly thus attention seize?

Fabulina. Of Love they kindly tidings bring,
 And pleasing truths they tell.

Altador. Without your veil you'll speak as well.

Fabulina. Unveil! no, I cannot.

Altador. One word let me say.

Fabulina. 'Tis in vain.

Altador. Why so cruel?

Fabulina. Be quiet, Sir, pray.

Altador. Oh! let me detain you;
 In pity—ah! stay.

Fabulina. You shall not detain me,
 No longer I'll stay.

Altador. In pity, ah! stay.

Fabulina. Then hearken to my tidings—they
 To constant love will joy convey.

Altador. Oh! tell these tidings—kindly stay,
 And to my heart their balm convey.

Fabulina.

Fabulina. Attend then to truth.

Altador. In the eyes 'twill appear.

Fabulina. ——— And counsel,

Altador. From them, 'twill be doubly dear.

Fabulina. } Advice { you } for itself { shou'd } prize,
Altador. } { tho' }

Fabulina. } Yet truth { I own } contemns dis-
Altador. } { you know } guise.

AIR. *Blazio.*

Oh ! the pretty creature !

When next I chance to meet her,

No more for an ass

Shall *Blazio* pass,

But gallantly will I treat her—

Oh ! the pretty, pretty creature.

But then her wicked charming eyes,

Where e'er they roll flash such surprize,

I like an awkward silly clown,

When she looks up, must needs look down—

Oh ! the pretty, pretty creature, &c.

I'll boldly dare her fearful charms,

March up and clasp her in my arms ;

Despair gives courage oft to men,

And shou'd she smile, why then—why then—

Oh ! the pretty, pretty creature, &c.

SCENE.

SCENE. The Court before Gaspero's Garden,

AIR.

Aurora.

LOVE, like the opening flower,
That courts the morning dew,
Gave promise every hour
To bring new charms to view,

But see the fatal storm
Of tyrant power arise !
Blighted its beauteous form,
The hapless flow'ret dies.

TRIO. *Guillermo. Aurora. Altador.*

Guillermo.

PAST toils thus recompensing
No more I'll tempt the sea,
My bliss this hour commencing,
Depends henceforth on thee.

Aurora.

On him whose heart possessing,
With equal warmth I love,
May every chosen blessing,
Be shower'd from above.

Altador.

Altador. Oh ! fatal hour distressing !

Guillermo. My joy my thanks declaring.

Aurora. Believe me none are due.

Altador. Distraction ! 'tis past bearing,

Aurora. Oh ! torture to my view.

Altador.

Oh ! fatal hour distressing !

Is this the meed of constant love ?

Inconstancy tho' meeting,

With scorn her falsehood treating,

I laugh at faithless love.

Aurora and Guillermo.

May every chosen blessing

Reward { his } faithful love !
 { her }

Altador.

Depriv'd of every blessing,

My tortures may they prove ;

And jealous pangs oppressing,

Avenge my flighted love.

AIR. *Fabulina.*

Lovers, who listen to reason's persuasion,

Praise for the novelty surely may claim ;

And barbarous Fate they'll find no occasion,

To charge with the faults for which Folly's to
blame.

FINALE.

FINALE.

Gasparo's Garden.

Fabulina.

Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh,
The winds and waves in gentle motion,
Soothe them with their lullaby.
Is the wind tempestuous blowing ?
Still no danger they descry,
The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

Aurora. *Fabulina*, hear me.

Fabulina. Cease:

By impatience you'll spoil all.

Aurora. Prythee give me my release.

Altador. *Fabulina*.

Fabulina. Hark, I hear your Lover call.

Altador. *Fabulina*.

Fabulina. Yes—yes—I hear him call.

Altador. Alternate hope and fear
My restless bosom seize.

Fabulina. Here's one may over-hear.
So!—Piano—if you please.

Altador. Smile on the wretch your presence awes.
Say, can your truth my doubts forgive ?

Aurora. Let Love's soft accents plead your cause.
Alas! I cannot disbelieve.

Altador.

Altador and Aurora.

Let Love's soft accents plead $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{your} \\ \text{my} \end{array} \right\}$ cause ;

{ You will not
I cannot } disbelieve.

Fabulina. All's safe, so instantly descend.

Altador. First let me force him from the door.

Fabulina. Leave to me our sleeping friend,
He sounds success in every snore.

Altador. Stir not—resistance is in vain.

Fabulina. Sotillo, you shall wear my chain.

Of youthful joys, the fond revival,
May Fabulina's favour prove.

Aurora. In me, behold, a jealous rival ;
I long to tie those bonds of love.

Aurora and Fabulina. Adieu, Sotillo, we must part.

Altador. Hasten, my Love, nor trust delay;
You, Beauty's captive, walk that way.

Aurora and Fabulina. We're lost beyond the help of art.

Fabulina. Don Gasparo !

Aurora. Guillermo too.

Altador. Untoward fate.

Fabulina. What shall we do?

Gasparo and Guillermo. Turn, bold intruder, meet
the fate

That on presumption should await.

Altador. Stand off, thou know'st me for thy foe ;
Nor rashly tempt the fatal blow.

Genariello. Don Gasparo, dear Sir, be quiet,
 I'll call the guard to quell this riot.
 Poor Altador! These rogues will end him,
 I'll call the guard and they'll defend him.

Aurora and Fabulina. To dire revenges baneful
 power,

Oh! yield not in this mad'ning hour.

Gasparo. Thanks, Ladies, for this pretty plot,
 Your kindness shall not be forgot.
 You'll find your pistol no Protector;
 We'll tame you quickly, good Sir
 Hector.

Officer. What means this brawl?—Peace I com-
 mand.

Silence! the guard is near at hand.

Should I in threat but wave my sword,
 No power protection can afford.

Officer.

The Rest.

Tell not me the idle story.
 Let me speak, you hold
 your peace;
 Then shall sounds of Patriot
 Glory
 All contention bid to cease.

Hear the plain and simple story
 Let me speak, you hold
 your peace;
 Then shall sounds of Patriot
 Glory
 All contention bid to cease.

Officer, Aur. Fab. Gen.

Alt. Gas. and Guil.

Thanks to chance thus inter-
 fering,
 When all Reason's aid was
 vain;
 My } Superior pow'r rever-
 His } ing,
 Vengeance must it's wish
 refrain.

Curfed chance thus interfer-
 ing,
 All resistance now is vain;
 His superior pow'r revering,
 Vengeance must its wish
 refrain.

ALL.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Silence ! the guard is near at hand,
 Prudence now must peace command.
 If in threat he waves his sword,
 No pow'r protection can afford.

Hark ! the drum in tone commanding,
 Cries to clamouring rage—forbear.
 Thus, thro' gloomy space expanding,
 Thunder clears the troubled air.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE. A Room in Gasparo's House.

TRIO. *Aurora, Fabulina, Gasparo.*

Aurora.

TO hear our suit do not refuse,
Then reject it if you can.

Fabulina. 'Tis a weeping female sues
To the gallant heart of man.

Gasparo. Less resentful must I seem,
What I intend they little dream. [*Exit*]
Vainly strive not to deceive,
For not a word will I believe.

Aurora. Ah! relent, our fault forgive;
Your smiles the sign of peace shall be.

Aurora and Fabulina. Let us the fond hope believe,
That pardon in your eyes we see.

Gasparo. Be sincere now if you can,
Why deceive a poor old man.

Aurora and Fabulina. Can such silly girls as we
Think your wisdom to deceive.
Ah! relent, &c.

Gasparo.

Gasparo. In a trial of who can trick best,
 While so certain is each to succeed,
 And becomes of the other the jest;
 Then to cheat is a pleasure indeed.

All. In a trial, &c.

AIR. Guillermo.

THERE, the moon-silver'd waters roam,
 And wanton o'er the unsteady sand,
 Spangling with their starry foam,
 The tow'ring clift that guards the land.

There, the screaming sea bird flits,
 Dips in the wave his dusky form;
 Or on the rocking turret fits,
 Th' exulting Dæmon of the storm.

There, as village legends tell,
 Many a shipwreck'd sea-man's ghost
 Listens to the distant knell,
 When midnight glooms the fatal coast.

AIR. Fabulina.

A faucy knave who pass'd the door,
 Wou'd needs, forsooth, make love to me;
 But, as I've often said before,
 You know, Sir, that must never be.

Of flames and darts, despair and death,
 In vain declaim'd the silly youth;
 I laugh'd 'till almost out of breath,
 Believe me, Sir, I tell you truth.

I frown-

I frowning vowed, without your leave,
 His face again I ne'er wou'd see;
 Dear Aurora help me out, [*Afide to Aurora.*
 I shall betray myself I doubt,
 So kind a Master to deceive! [*to Gasparo.*

Oh! fie! no that cou'd never be,
 I said to him—No, no—'twas he
 Spoke next, he said, says he to me,
 Dearest Fabulina hear me;
 Indeed, indeed, you need not fear me.

Says I—says he—says I—says he—
 At length (enrag'd, my maiden pride)
 My heart I cry'd is not for you;
 In vain your betters oft have try'd,
 You know, dear Sir, that's very true.

AIR. *Blazio.*

OH dear! What shall I do?
 What line pursue.
 My spirits in a fluster,
 Won't let me bounce and bluster,
 Else wou'd I try,
 Perchance if he,
 As well as I,
 A coward may be. [*Afide.*]
 Racks and tortures I despise,
 My honor 'tis alone I prize.
Indignant

Thou beating heart lie still I say,
 Oh ! if I cou'd but run away ! [*Afide*]
 Hark ! hark ! What do they mutter ?
 Dreadful murmurs do they utter.
 I'm in such a taking, quiv'ring, quaking,
 Every limb with terror shaking ;
 Egad ! they're off—I'll not delay,
 Now's the time to run away.

SCENE, the Fair at Naples.

GLEE. *Fabulina, Marietta, &c.*

LET mirth and joy appear,
 Their jocund tale to tell !
 Charming the list'ning ear
 And drown the envious bell.

SCENE.

SCENE. A Street.

AIR.

Altador.

MEMORY repeating,
Past joys to soothe my soul ;
Hope points where pleasures greeting
In bright succession roll.
Revenge, content defeating,
I shun thy dire controul.

Jealousy no longer heeding,
Shall I her fatal wiles obey ;
Ne'er again my bliss impeding,
Will I own Suspicion's sway.

Her constancy my soul transporting,
With joys too vast to be express'd ;
See fav'ring Love my presence courting !
I come, I hasten to be blest'd.

SCENE. The Entrance of the subterraneous Road
under Virgil's Tomb, leading from Naples to
Paufilipo.

AIR.

Fidelia.

IN childhood's careless happy day,
When Nature speaks unspoil'd by art,
Affection mark'd our infant play,
And fix'd it's root in either heart.

It's

It's growth would every hour discover ;
Say, then, ah ! can I cease to love her ?

II.

Oppress'd by sickness, languid, weak,
Attentions kind did she bestow ;
And bade upon my pallid cheek,
Reviving health and joy to glow.
New kindness wou'd each hour discover ;
Say, then, ah ! can I cease to love her ?

SCENE. The Rocky Coast near Naples, with the
Point of Paufilipo in the Distance. At first, the
Moon is seen, a storm then rises.

SECOND FINALE.

Altador.

UNHAND me, cowards, give me way,
And let me dare the mortal fray.

Guillermo and Gasparo.

Bear him to the ship away.

Aurora (entering.)

Oh ! Barbarians, stay ! I come,
My Altador, to share thy doom.

Altador (in the boat.)

Ah ! if compassion marks the brave,
You will not let me sue in vain ;
From death a faithful lover save,
Bear him to love and life again.

SAILORS [*in the boat.*]

We dare not turn against the wave
And bear you to the shore again.

Gaspàro [*to the Sailors.*]

Be gone—and to the castle bear
This willing victim of despair.

Aurora.

To death in pity instant bear,
The wretched victim of despair. [*The Sailors lead
her off.*]

Guillermo.

Ah! me—on board that hapless bark
Is all the treasure I possess.
She drives—she springs her main-mast—hark
I hear the signals of distress.

Enter Fabulina.

Fabulina.

Whatever path pursuing,
While nought but danger viewing,
Will busy fancy form
Future terrors in the storm.

Enter Fidelia.

Fidelia.

In vain my mistress seeking,
The skies their vengeance wreaking,
Leave busy fancy, &c.

Enter

Enter Genariello, Peasants, Sailors, &c.

In vain expectance did I measure
The vineyard's ripening treasure.

Guillermo.

In vain expectance did I measure
My future hoards of treasure.

Enter Peasants with Lights.

GENERAL CHORUS.

See the clouds that whirling sweep,
The surface of the troubled deep.
The angry winds their fury pour,
And howl along the distant shore.
In bursts the clanging rocks rebound,
And spread the dire terrific sound.

END OF ACT II:

A C T III.

SCENE. Genariello's Vineyard.

CHORUS of *Vintagers*.

TO the vineyard's praise, the chorus raise,
And in nimble dance entwine ;
For many a song and many a dance,
We owe to the juice of the vine.
Tho' the weight of the clusters our toils enhance,
At the labour say who wou'd repine ?
For this burthen of glee,
We the lighter shall be,
As the more we shall have of good wine.

AIR. *Fidelia*.

MY rising spirits thronging
In sportive brisk array,
Inspire a plaguy longing,
Some harmless prank to play.
Shall I assume a shepherd's part,
And languish midst the whining train ?

Till

Till many a pretty Maiden's heart,

In sympathy shall sigh again.

With heigho! with heigho!

Alas! I love!—Heigho!

My rising, &c.

Or with a pretty fellow's air,

Shall I bedeck my little form;

Sing, dance and ogle, whisper, swear,

And take their yielding hearts by storm.

With view me, Ma'am, here I am,

Behold this charming form.

My rising, &c.

SCENE. A plain old Hall in Gasparo's Castle, near
Paufilipo.

AIR. *Aurora.*

AS wrapt in sleep I lay,

Fancy assum'd her sway.

A voice, which spoke despair,

Cried, "Mourn thy Lover banish'd.

Cold! cold! beneath the main,

Lies he in battle slain.

Mourn, mourn, thou wretched fair,

All hope from thee is vanish'd."

II.

II.

Upon the rock I stood :
 Forth from the foaming flood,
 Arose the lovely form
 Of him who now is banish'd.
 Loose flowed his auburn hair ;
 Gored was his bosom, bare.
 Sinking amid the storm
 He sigh'd " adieu !" and vanish'd,

SCENE. The Sea Shore.

AIR. *Fabulina.*

No more his fears alarming,
 My smiles his doubts disarming,
 His constant bosom charming,
 Adieu, thou cold disdain.
 While anxious wishing—fearing,
 His tale of dangers hearing,
 (Each peril more endearing)
 Delight shall spring from pain.

I should be timid were he bold,
 The fault, dear Blazio, is your own ;
 And should your bashful humour hold,
 To tease you, I may yet be prone.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Guillermo and Sailors.

OUR faith thus pledg'd, join hand to hand,
None shall the common cause betray ;
Ever we'll prove a dauntless band,
Worthy the captain we obey.

SCENE. Genariello's Cottage in the Vineyard.

AIR.

Altador.

SCARCELY had the blushing morning
Woo'd the waves with tender light,
When the bright'ning plain adorning,
A distant vessel rose in sight.

Aloft, the crowding sailors viewing
Her misty sails with straining eye ;
In fancy now the foe subduing,
A prize ! a prize ! exulting cry.

The boatswain's whistle, loud and shrill,
Shames the tardy sleeping wind.
In vain our chase-gun fires—for still
She crowds her sail—we're left behind.

At length the breeze affords assistance ;
Right afore the wind's our course.
We clear our decks—she threatens resistance,
And proudly boasts superior force.

Amid

Amid her thunder boldly steering,
 Our batter'd ship almost a wreck ;
 With steady courage persevering ;
 They board, they storm her gory deck.

Her wounded captain—life disdaining,
 Yet mourning o'er his gallant crew ;
 Casts a last look on those remaining ;
 Then strikes to save the valiant few.

DUET. *Fabulina and Blazio.*

I.

Fabulina. The jealous Don won't you assume
 when you marry ?

And won't you frown, mutter, and plague
 me with doubts ?

Blazio. And won't you, whenever your point
 you would carry,
 Have fits, fret and whimper, and be
 in the pouts.

Fabulina. No bouncing ! “ Zounds, ma'am, you
 must alter your plan.”

Blazio. No whining and crying, “ You barba-
 rous man.”

But you'll love me.

Fabulina. Yes, yes—

Blazio. And be constant—

Fabulina. No, no.

Blazio. What not constant !

Fabulina.

Fabulina. Yes, yes.

Blazio. Did you mean—

Fabulina. No, not so.

Both. I'm sure we're agreed—no more words—
let us marry,
Love's meaning no aid wants from language we know.

II.

Blazio. Yet, won't you before folks be fond,
coax and flatter,
While turning, behind, to a Lover your
hand?

Fabulina. And won't you, when I'm in a humour
to chatter,
Cry, "oh! I'm so sleepy, I can't understand."

Blazio. No smirking and squeezing, "nawn
dear," and all that.

Fabulina. No yawning and gaping, when I want
to chat.

But you'll love me, &c.

E

SCENE.

SCENE. The Outside of Gasparo's Castle.

AIR.

Marietta.

I.

CAREFUL the winding path explore,
Left in the tangled brake you stray,
Then think of her whom you adore,
To cheer the dark and weary way;
And softly, slowly creep,
Until yon light you see,
And while the anxious watch you keep,
Still ever remember me.

II.

When you shall hear the sound of joy
(Beating the floor—the rustic dance)
Silent the list'ning ear employ,
But do not yet too quick advance,
But slowly, softly creep,
Until yon light you see,
And while the anxious watch you keep,
Still ever remember me.

SCENE.

SCENE. A Room in Gasparo's Castle.

TRIO.

Fabulina, Fidelia, and Altador.

We the veil of fate undraw

In our *Lanterna Magica*,

Approach the mystic scene with awe,

In our *Lanterna Magica*.

Here if tragic scenes delight,

The bleeding Warrior meets your sight;

The Patriot here resigns his breath,

Invoking Liberty or Death,

In our *Lanterna Magica*.

Or if to Paphian groves we turn,

See Love's eternal altar burn,

Whence lovers eyes can catch a ray,

To tell you more than I can say,

In our *Lanterna Magica*.

TRIO.

Fabulina, Fidelia, and Altador.

Fidelia.

Oh ! softly flow thou briny tide,

That dost two faithful hearts divide;

And while in yonder lonely tower,

Poor Hero waits the appointed hour ;

E 2

Again,

Again, bear gently, free from harms,
Leander to her arms.

Visions of fate behold.

Altador.

See bending o'er the cruel wave,
Which seems ordain'd his early grave;

The youth prepares to quit the shore—

Ah! tempt the faithless deep no more!

Its front serene conceals the snare,

Then vent'rous youth beware—

Visions of fate behold.

Fabulina.

Transported now to Asia's strand,

We still the Hellespont command:

Ah! hapless Hero! to the skies

She shrieks! and turns her tearful eyes.

Oh! Venus listen to her woe,

Forbid her tears to flow.

Visions of fate behold.

TRIO.

Leander lives! the Queen of Love,

Obtain'd his life, a boon from Jove.

Visions of fate behold.

FINALE.

FINALE.

CHORUS.

Now constancy its meed shall gain ;
And while the fav'ring skies approve,
Wide let us spread the grateful strain ;
All shall join in the triumph of love.

Genariello. Can good humour recommend me :
View it smiling in my face.

Fidelia. You so nobly did befriend me ;
Virtue to kindness lent a grace.

Aurora and Altador. Ye powers, who virtue make
your care,
Propitious to our vows attend.
May fate indulgent to our pray'r,
With life alone our union end.

Chorus. Now constancy, &c.

Fabulina. In search of what's curious, no longer
you'll roam.

Blazio. Why no—if once we are tied but securely,
A good wife as a specimen will I take home.

Fabulina. But that's not a rarity surely.

Chorus. Now constancy, &c.

T H E E N D.

(2)

FINAL

CLORUS

Now confound it, need shall gain;

And while the living lies approve,

Widest us spread the grateful strain;

All shall join in the triumph of love.

CLORUS. Can good humour recommend me;

View is smiling in my face,

THOMAS. You so nobly did defend me;

Virtue to kindness lent a grace.

THOMAS and CLORUS. To powers, who virtue make

your care,

Propitious to our vows attend.

May fate be kind to our union,

With life alone our union end.

CLORUS. Now confound it, &c.

THOMAS. In search of what's envious, no longer

you'll roam.

THOMAS. Why no—if once we are rich but securely,

A good wife as a companion will take home.

THOMAS. But that's not a rarity lately.

CLORUS. Now confound it, &c.

THE END

